

Home

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Summary: The American cockroach is the largest cockroach found in houses. Females can hatch up to 150 offspring per year. Cockroaches don't get their wings until they become adults.

Home

\*\*So, I had another dream. Well, not technically a dream, more like a nightmare. I feel like I had to put the first chapter down before going back to Vice and Virtue. Also, I just finished animating part one of "Frostbud". A short film adaption of my first fanfic posted here "The Viking, the Frost Spirit, and The Flower" poem. You can look up my username "TheKillerJill" on the search and check out my channel, or go to my portfolio and click on my youtube link. Tell me what you think of it. Alright, enough rambling, onto the first chapter.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"OH GODS!"<p>

The car wheel screeches as Jack's foot hit the brakes. The headlights show a large tree trunk that is no more than a feet away from the hood of the metal vehicle. Jack's fingers tensed on the wheel and his eye sockets were big as baseballs. On the passenger seat, right of Jack's side, is Hiccup. His arms wrapped around the neck of the chair and his lids twitches in sheer terror. After couple of heavy breathings, Jack leans his head near the glass and realized they were out of gas.

"Fuck."

"What? What's wrong?" Hiccup squeaked, eyes still fixed at the front window.

"Uhâ€¦I don't think we'll be going anywhereâ€¦soon." Jack's finger

tap on the glassware if the car status.

"Why am I not surprised that this would be something you'd do." The freckled-faced brunet lets go of the chair and exasperated a long disappointed sigh.

"At least I didn't crash into the wall."

Hiccup pulls out his cell phone from his left pocket. "I'll call the repairs and have us tow out." Hiccup was about to flip the lid of his communication device until Jack snatches it from his hand.

"Oh no no no no no. We are not gonna pay a hundred dollar for a fucking tow. I'm calling Jim." His pale fingers quickly dials the number as his right side companion scrunches his face.

"Jack, he might probably be busy. I don't want to bother him." He gazes his eyes at the arm of the seat. "Not after how many times he have helped me since I first got enrolled to Lively University."

"Don't worry, Hic. This will be the last time. I swear-Here it comes!" Jack pressed on the speaker button and placed it on the inside hood of the car.

The sound of a phone being picked up from the other side is made. "Hello, this is the Benbow Inn. Jim Hawkins on the line. How may I help you?"

"Jim! Hey buddy! Pal, bro, dude, how's it going?" Jack greeted with enthusiasm; opening pleasantries to smooth talk with the teen from the other side.

Hiccup rolled his eyes before jumping in between awkwardly. "Hello, Jim. This is Hiccup and Jack."

A paused before Jim replied back to him, "â€|Right. Um, can you like call back later? I'm kind of busy at the moment."

"No, wait! Can you do us a favor?" Jack pleaded.

"What favor?" His voice sounds annoyed. It upsets Hiccup despite Jack not being able to read the tone of the mood. Which in this case, Jack is still smiling.

"Welllllll, we are in the middle of the road, on a rainy day, out of gas and no money. Can you give us a ride back?"

An immense silence fills between the phone and the two friends. Hiccup gulps quietly as anticipation built up inside him.

"You're gonna have to wait for a while, okay?" Jim finally answers.

Jack pumps his fist in the air. "Great! Wait, for how long?"

Both could hear the conversation between him and an older woman, presumably, his mother on the other side of the speaker. "Probably until eight or nine o' clock."

Hiccup checks his wristwatch. "Right now's 5:25. About three to four hours."

"Great." Jack drops back on his seat.

"Look, I'll get there as soon as I can. Just give me the nearest address and I'll be there."

Jack motioned Hiccup to look out the window for any street names or house number. Hiccup wipes the fog on the window and peers out to the street sign that reads 'St After'. Hiccup tells Jim on the phone about the street number and mentioned that they are still in the same town.

"Alright. I got it written. See you at nine." Jim hangs up the phone.

Both boys sit in the car for a while; listening to the pounding of the rain outside. Jack tuned the radio on, hoping for some sort of music, but receiving a static response.

Jack puffs his cheeks and emits a sigh. "Welp. Looks like we won't be getting any entertainment tonight."

"You know you deserved that. You knew that the weather was going to be bad, and yet you decide to drive miles just to get a takeout." Hiccup rolls his eyes as he complains. "I have three tests tomorrow and I haven't studied for either of them yet."

"It's not my fault that you decided to join me. You brought this upon yourself too, y'know!" Jack pointed his accused finger at Hiccup.

"I was trying to be a friend. Like, who else would help you get out of all the troubles you've caused? What if you break the speed limit like last time?"

Jack scoffs arrogantly. "Oh, I would've been fine! I've always have been!"

Hiccup crossed his arms and forced himself to look on his side of the window. He picked up his phone from where it was last laid and scroll through his apps. Out of his own boredom, he goes to his phonebook. Checking on contacts he stopped at 'dad'. Hiccup stares at it longingly.

The boy had not spoken with his father ever since he had moved to a boarding school. Considering that he and his father had a distant relationship, they never had any real connection other than blood relations. They had nothing to talk about.

Hiccup slowly closes his cell phone.

It has only been a half an hour and already Jack decides to exit the vehicle. The sky is still raining, but not as heavily pouring as before.

Their car was leaning on the edge of the street. Tilted close to the forest area. Jack could see a town nearby and wants to look around.

"You coming or what, Hic?" Jack pursued his friend.

"Shouldn't I stay in the car in case something happens?" Hiccup's intelligence had mostly kept the snow-haired teen from doing anything reckless. Mostly.

"It'll just be a few minutes. C'mon. No one's driving around at this time." Jack rationalized that reason in the most basic way as possible to make it seem reasonable to Hiccup. Unfortunately, Hiccup knows Jack. But instead of proceeding to protest any more, the brunet complies and exit the vehicle just to enlighten Jack.

The two boys walk(in Jack's case, roller blades, since those are the only foot ware he have) for meters as they reach the entrance to a convenience store. The area inside is cool and the background music is uplifting. There are only three people inside, if not including the clerk at the counter.

Jack whispers to Hiccup. "You got any dough on you?"

"What?"

"I mean, do you have money?"

Hiccup's face sparks in understanding and quirks a brow at Jack. "I thought you brought your wallet with you."

"Yeah, well, I don't have **\*\*all\*\*** my money with me." Jack explains to him in a matter-of-factly way. "Why would I bring it all just to order some Chinese?"

"Nevermind. How much do you need?"

"Just give me a sec to look around." Jack glides to the candy shelf as soon as he finished his sentence.

Hiccup scans the area while loitering close to the door. He watches all the people in the room going about their doings. There is a man around the age of 20 purchasing cigarettes and a woman around her early 30s waiting behind him.

His eyes shifting back to Jack who is still picking out something from the shelf. Hiccup arches his head to look up the bright ceiling and sighs.

The man walks out of the store and the woman becomes next in line. Hiccup could only listen to their chattering when he catches something.

"Oh, dear. I thought I brought my purse with me."

"Ma'am, if you knew you did then-â€|"

"I must've left it somewhere in the shelves. Let me go find it."

The woman's footsteps trail around the whole store. "I can't seem to find it anywhere. Where could it beâ€|"

"Look, ma'am. You might've left it at your house somewhere, so it's okay to come back later." The clerk suggested.

Hiccup rolls his eyes to the window he was leaning against and turn around. He saw the man who was in front of the line with a tan handbag with credit cards and cash. It looks like it could've belonged to a young lady.

"Um, what does your purse look like?" Hiccup asked the frantic woman, eyes still locked to the outside.

"Well, it's light-brown. It's strapless. And it has a little gold chain at the end." Just as she finished describing the object, Hiccup could see a bright yellow light shining from the distance. Hiccup dashes outside of the store and race after the man.

"Hey! You right there!" Hiccup hollered in the rain. The man turned around to face the brunet. Hiccup fidgeted when he realized the other male is a lot taller and more well built than he was.

Even with his hesitation, Hiccup still stood as confident as he could. "Y-you seem to have something that doesn't belong to youâ€|so, could-could you please hand it back?"

The man chuckles in amusement. He tilts his head cockily. "What makes you think this isn't mine? Is this yours?" He raised up the purse up in front of him.

"Uh, no, but I know that someone like you wouldn't carry around a handbag like that."

The man's breathing changes from evenly to husky. Without a warning, he grab a hold of Hiccup by the collar shirt and his feet is lifted off the ground. Hiccup response with a yelp.

"What do you mean 'someone like you'? You calling me a queer?!"

Before Hiccup could answer, something hit the man's face whom immediately drop the boy on the muddy ground.

"The hell?!"

Hiccup look back to see Jack with one less of a roller blade missing from his foot.

"You know, it's kind of sad that you're trying to find an excuse to beat up a kid even though he didn't provoke you in any way possible."

The man didn't speak any more. He just drops the handbag and turns around mumbling, "Not even worth it anymoreâ€|"

Hiccup sprawls to grab it. With his hand, he wipes his nose. "Thanks forâ€|helping me, Jack."

"What're friends for, Hic?" Jack smirked his trademark smile while reaching over for his other blade. The woman ran outside after them.

"Oh, thank goodness! Thank you so much.." She leans over to help Hiccup up after he hands back her possession.

"Tis no problem, madam. Just the usual routine." Jack fancied at her.

"No really, ma'am. It's no big deal." Hiccup scratches the back of his head.

The woman searches for every nook and cranny inside her bag for anything missing. She looks up to the two boys. From the look of her face, everything is still there. "Is there any way I could repay you?"

Jack and Hiccup look back at each other. "Well, there isn't really anything you can do unless you intend to pay up a tow to the nearest gas station." Hiccup shrugged.

The woman froze and her mind in puzzlement. "I actually have gallons of gasoline at my basement. I could lend you one if you'd like."

The boys' face lit up. "Great!" Jack exclaimed. "Let's go get it! Where's your house?"

The woman raised a hand up in front of them. "Wh-whoa whoa wait! You boys don't have to go to my house..Wh-why don't I just bring the gas over to your car while you wait there?"

Hiccup raised a brow in confusion. "How come?"

The lady's mouth quivers, finding the right set of words to respond. "The-there are cockroaches! Yes! My house is filled with them. You wouldn't like it thereâ€¦"

"It wouldn't be that much of a problem." Hiccup interrupts. "We're just going to get a gas and be on our way."

"Yeah, lady. We'll be quick." Jack reassured.

The woman is silent for a while. "Alright."

As they drove by the rickety forest path, the rain seems to be getting less frequent. However, the sky clouded the moon from shining on the Earth.

Far away in a nearby house, there lay a shadow watching through the foggy glass.

End  
file.